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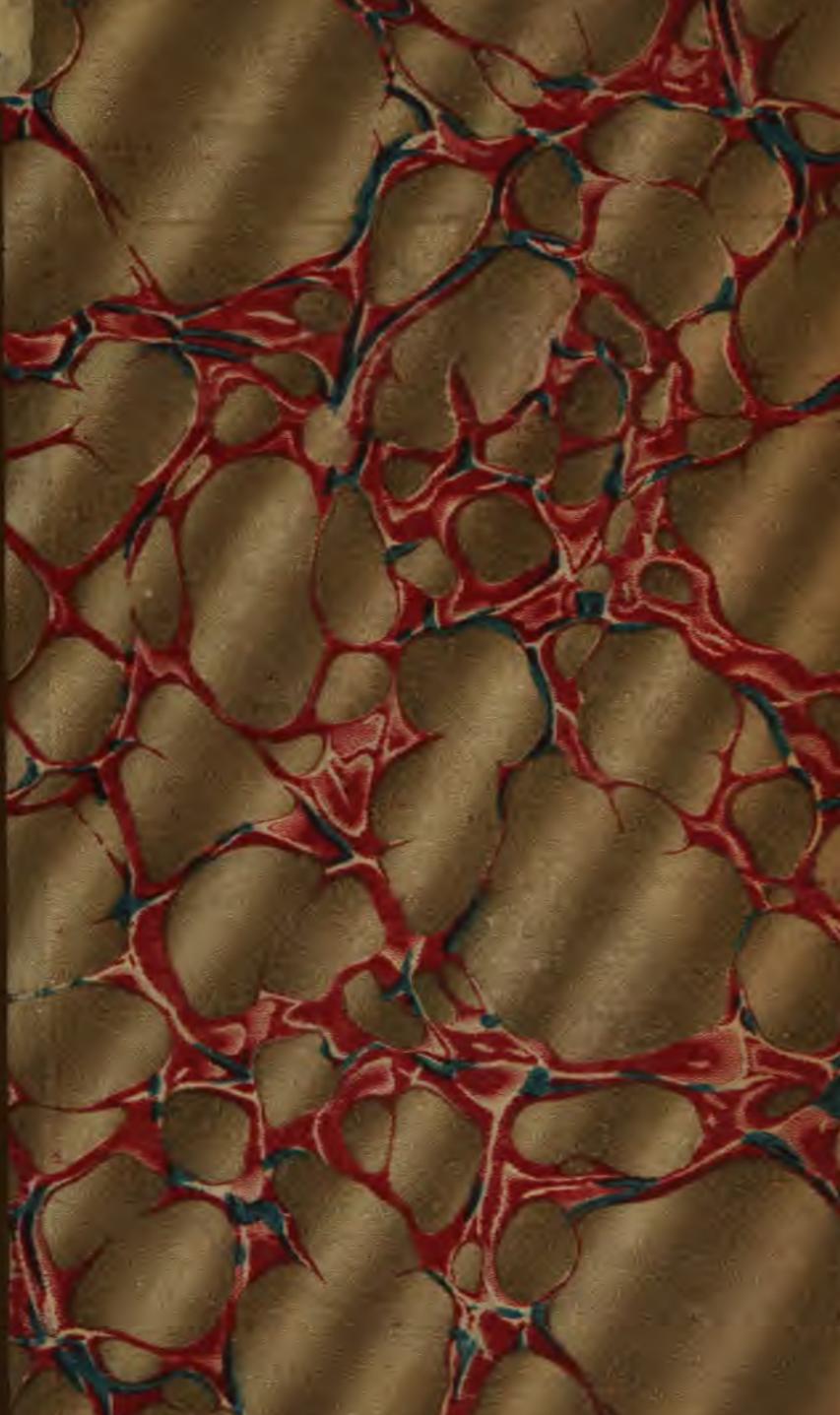
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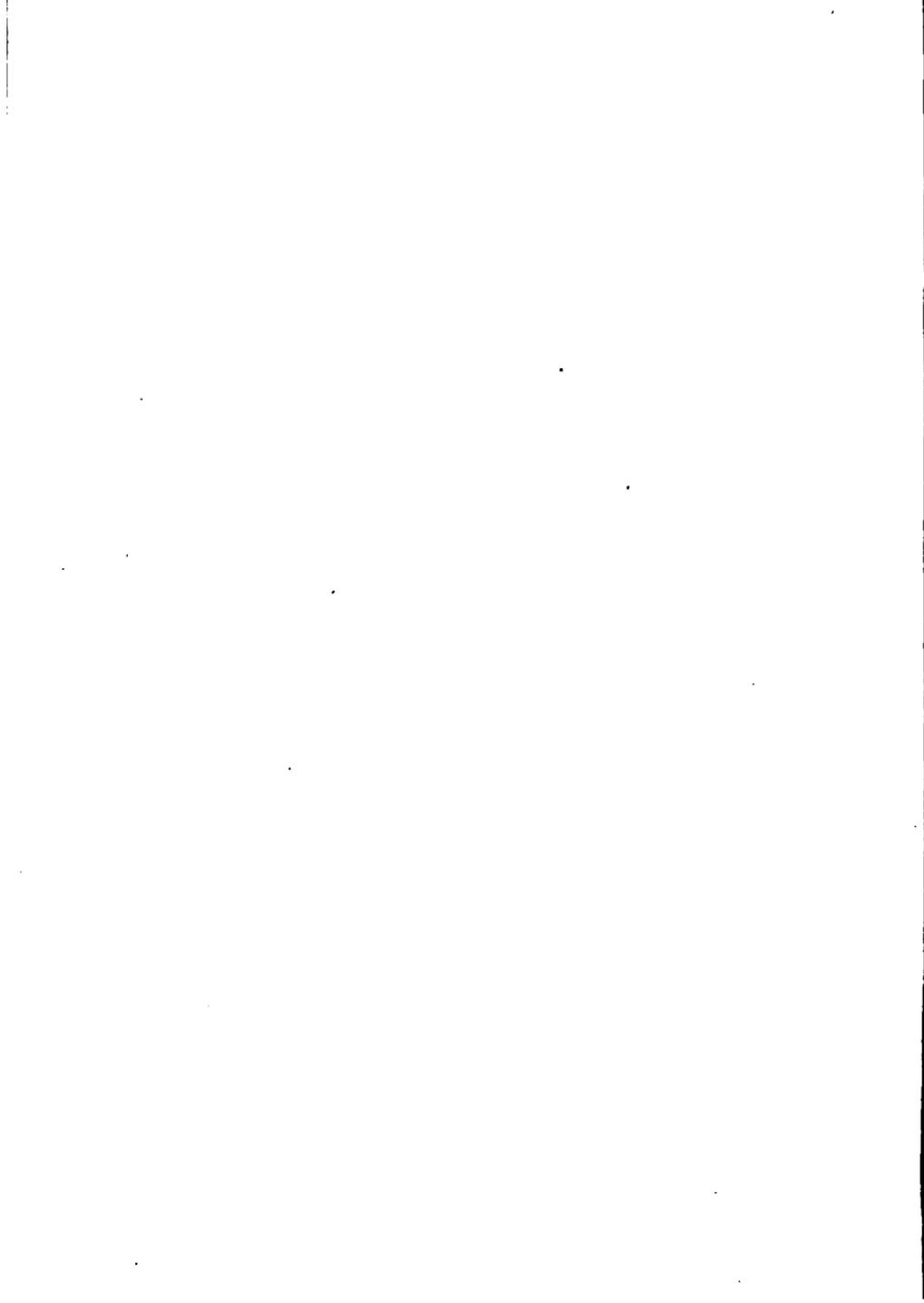
POPPÆANUM

The Autobiography of a Ghost

**THE HAWTHORNE PRESS
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The Autobiography of a Ghost

By POPPÆA SABINA

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THE
TEN QUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WINDSCHE
1918

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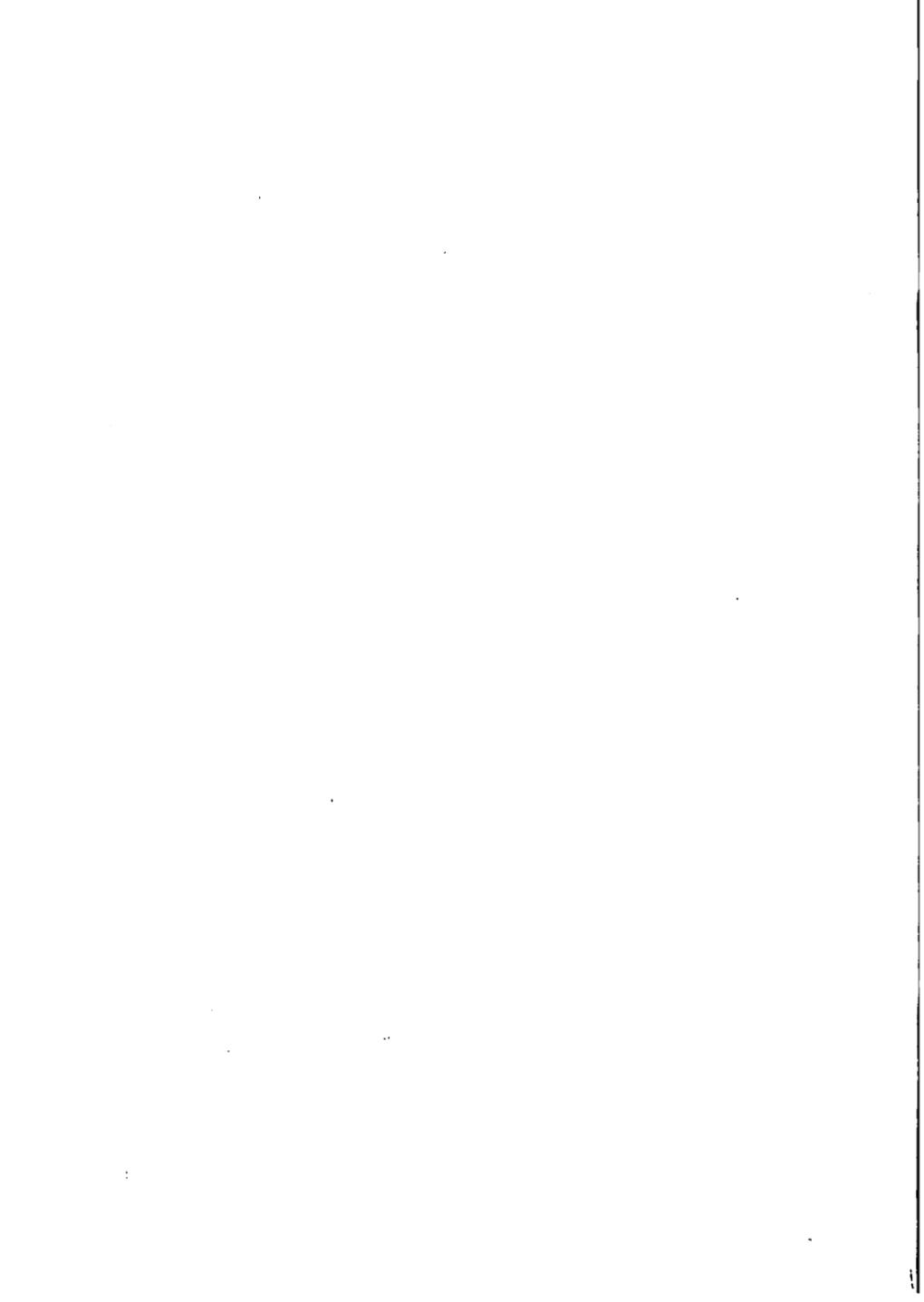
PREFACE AND DEDICATION.

Before I became a Ghost I invented a Cosmetic which was highly popular among the Roman Ladies: it was called Poppæanum.

This Poppæanum of to-day is not an Ointment, but is a Potion to be administered by Women to Men, and I dedicate it to the Women of America.

POPPÆA SABINA.

Jan. 31, 1904.



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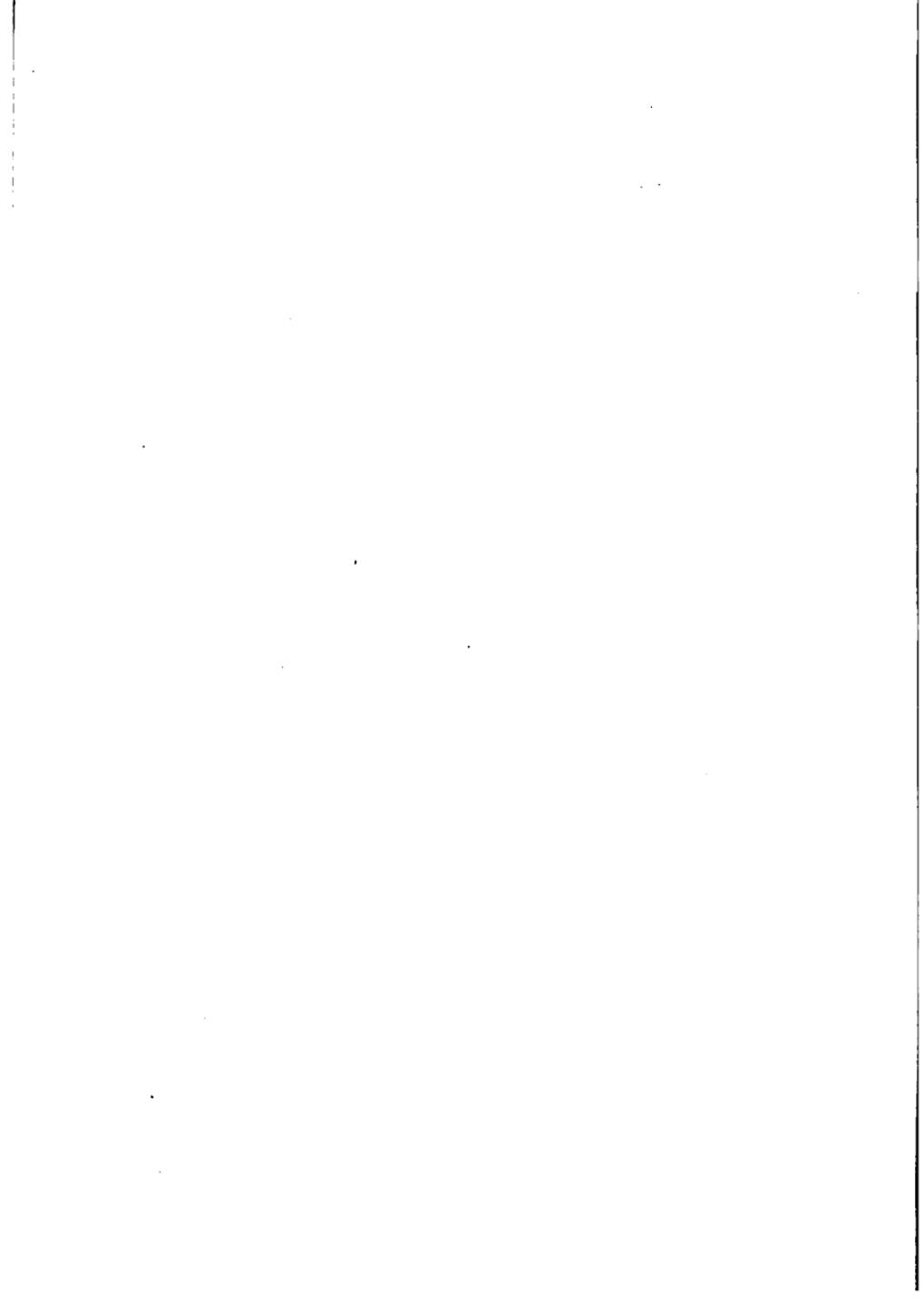
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CHAPTER I.

I am a Ghost. To put it more plainly and more correctly, I am the disembodied soul of a Dog; although I once occupied the body of a Roman lady who, for three years, reigned as a Queen.

I have therefore helped to make history and, in return for my help, history has made me out to have been a very wicked woman.

Be that as it may, I intend to write my own history and I shall begin at the beginning; which will be to give some account of that part of my life with which history has been able to play its usual pranks.

I need not say that I refer to my career in the body of a woman. I probably existed as a developing soul before that time, but I have no memory of any previous existence.

To satisfy my readers that this story of mine is not to be a work of fiction, I must explain briefly the conditions under which I am now writing.

After my murder as a flesh and blood woman, I wandered about the earth for a long time as a "disembodied soul"; and then, as souls often do, I took to the Sea. There, after a time, I learned to avail myself of a privilege which Nature accords to souls in the same plight as

I was; and I became a subhuman soul animating the body of a seal.

In the bodies of seals I lived many natural lives and died many natural deaths, until I was again murdered by a man; which again sent me wandering as a disembodied soul about the earth.

This gave me another privilege under Nature's benign laws, so I entered the body of a dog and was fortunate enough to secure the strong affection of the man who was my master.

After a time I died and I have remained a disembodied soul ever since, only I have now the power, which many others also enjoy, of associating myself with the souls of men or women of a kindred nature to myself.

In consequence of this widely operating law of Nature, we disembodied souls are able to have a stronger influence in human affairs than most embodied men and women who call their souls their own.

Indeed, the usual effect of our influence, if we happen to help them to power or celebrity, is to make them think that our souls are *their own* also, of which they often become proud and conceited. They are, however, always ready, when we incite them to crime or folly, as we often do, to declare that they have been tempted by evil spirits, possessed by devils, or otherwise obsessed. Obsession for good or for useful purposes rarely occurs to them as a possible state of things.

In the matter of writing, our influence is more apparent than in any other, except perhaps some acts of

oratory or public speaking. When men like Shakespeare or Dumas throw off sheet after sheet, all ready for the printer, "without ever blotting out a line," we disembodied souls may be seen at work.

I do not profess to be of a calibre to seize and direct the pen of a Shakespeare or a Dumas, but I am quite capable of directing the pen of the man who is now acting as my scribe, because I am not the first ghost for whom he has intelligently held the pen, and he will not, therefore, interlard my thoughts by notions of his own.

CHAPTER 2.

I can never forget my native tongue ; but, since I ceased to speak it, I have had to learn that universal language in which all human souls must converse after nationality comes to an end. It is a master key to all other languages, so I shall not create astonishment by the declaration that, during the last forty years of my life, I have become acquainted with English. I often read the newspapers. Greatly was my fancy tickled yesterday by a paragraph which I now quote from a London paper.

"The other night at the opera—a royal night—I took a careful survey of the brilliant and beautiful company of women, some of them the loveliest women in the world in point of feature and figure. From a box, without glasses, they looked like goddesses. But take the glasses, or better still, get near enough to speak to them, and look

—and look in vain—for that tender grace of expression, that joy, intelligence, brilliance, charm, which the French call ‘the beauty which is greater than beauty.’ From all but a very few faces it is practically gone. There sat rows and rows of women, graced in every possible way with physical charms, whose actual faces are grim masks set with eager, hard, metallic, restless eyes.”

If the writer of that passage had ever seen women with their masks off—on a royal night—as I have seen them, he might have wished them on again. Our Roman women would have thrown him to the Lions for such talk as that about our lack of Beauty.

Back flew my thoughts to the great amphitheatre of my native City. Again I sat on the purple cushioned benches, with unmasked beauty crowded around me. Again saw I the gladiators proudly marching past the throne: again I heard their “*Moriturus vos Saluto!*” Again I saw—alas! I never could behold it without bitter tears and shuddering—again, at end of almost every act, I saw that sight of thrilling horror; beseeching arms upheld, and many downturned thumbs of men, but many women gazing on me, waiting for my verdict.

And then mine pointed upwards; mine never pointed downwards: because I loved my people and they all loved me.



This will not do! I must put on my mask and set about my story.

CHAPTER 3.

My father's name was Titus Ollius. He was strangled with Sejanus in the year 31 of the Christian era. The crime of Sejanus was, that he aspired to the throne.

Tiberius had been Emperor for seventeen years, but, being an old man, the management of affairs had for a long time been left to his favourite Sejanus, assisted by a council of twenty senators, sixteen of whom fell with him, and crowds of supposed accomplices who were put to death without even the pretence of a trial.

In the same year, on the 26th of April, I, Poppaea Sabina, was born, and on the 28th of the same month, in the same year, was born my playmate, afterwards my true and faithful lover, Marcus Salvius Otho, a descendant from the Kings of Etruria; his grandfather a senator of the Equestrian order, and his father an officer of high and honourable trust under Tiberius.

My mother, who was also called Poppaea, was the most beautiful woman of the Court of Tiberius, and afterwards of that of Claudius, he who succeeded to the throne after the short but detestable reign of Caligula.

We were children, Otho and I, of six years of age, when the event occurred which made our after life a tragedy: the birth of the tyrant Nero, in the year 37. It came as the climax to a time when Rome had sunk to the lowest possible depths of licentiousness, crime, and pleasures too unnatural and horrible to mention. In that year Tiberius fell into a lethargy, Caligula, then 25 years of

age, was proclaimed Emperor, Tiberius recovered, and Macro, to ensure Caligula's life and welfare, was compelled to have the old man suffocated, or, as some say, poisoned, in the 78th year of his age and the 22d of his reign.

Macro was a favourite of Tiberius. He, it was, who destroyed Sejanus, and raised himself on the ruins. He stopped at nothing to conciliate Caligula, even giving up to him his own wife Ennia; but Caligula had not been twelve months on the throne before he put an end to Macro and to Ennia also.

On ascending the throne Caligula took his uncle, Claudius Nero, nephew of Tiberius, into the Consulship as his colleague. Claudius was then 47 years of age.

In the year 41 Caligula was murdered by the people, at the age of 29, after a reign of nearly four years and a career of vices so horrible and unnatural that he would have been unsurpassed, if Nero had not been permitted a longer time during which to pollute the earth.

Caligula was stabbed with thirty wounds. A centurion stabbed his wife and the brains of her infant daughter were dashed out against a wall.

For the first time in our history the soldiers disposed of the crown; and Claudius was proclaimed Emperor by the troops. He was a poor, weak wretch, "*the unfinished sketch of a man*," at that time fifty years of age, and entirely governed by his wife, Messalina, and the freed men of her palace, until she was murdered by Narcissus, one of her many paramours, after presiding over the

Roman Court for nine years. This was in the year of Christ 46.

Let us quote what history says about this queen. I will not strain my memory by an effort to remember horrors in which I was not compelled to share: a wise woman's memory is like a dial which only records her hours of sunshine: I shall come to them, by and by, with glee and gladness, or most unthankful would be my present task, and most heartrending.



Well! To History, which, alas! is sometimes true.

"Valeria Messalina, daughter of Messala Barbutus, wife of Claudius, and Empress of Rome, has been unsurpassed in any age in licentiousness. She had all the males belonging to the household of the Emperor for her lovers; officers, soldiers, slaves, players, nothing was too low for her. Not satisfied with her own shame, she even compelled the most noble Roman ladies to commit, in her presence, similar excesses. Whosoever did not comply with her wishes she punished with death."

In this abandoned Court my fond and lovely mother was the only protector I had, for I was now fifteen years of age, and Nature promised that I soon should be the most beautiful of all the Roman ladies.

It is evident, that to marry me, out of the way, was the only chance for my safety, although the very thought of it gave Otho and myself much uneasiness and made us both unhappy; for he had now grown from a playmate to

a lover, and I, too, loved him dearly; for he was, indeed, a brave and noble lad.

Thus was I married off, out of all danger, into the obscurity of the home of a knight called Rufius Crispinus, an officer of the Prætorian Guards, by whom I had one son, Ruffinus.

Nero, at this time, was a promising boy of nine years of age, whose education was entrusted to the philosopher Seneca, and whose chief companion was allowed to be my darling Otho: for Nero's mother was a shrewd and clever woman who knew how much depended upon his exemplary conduct, before she placed him on the throne, as she fully meant to do.

CHAPTER 4.

All the troubles that befell Rome after the death of Augustus might, perhaps, have been avoided if that monarch had been blessed with a son; or even if he had been wise enough to let his only daughter Julia go to the devil after her own fashion; instead of using all his power, might and influence to settle her on a throne.

Augustus died, in the year of Christ 14, a graceful death, proof of a graceful life, at eighty years of age, and after reigning five and forty years. "*Have I played my part well?*" demanded he, of those around his bed. Sufficient answer were their tears. "*Then farewell and give me your applause*" (*valete, et plaudite*), said he, as

the players say when the curtain drops. Thus dropped the curtain of death over the brightest period of Rome's history, the great Augustan age.

I apologise to none for purifying my pages by repeating these well-known "last words."

Darkness had thus fallen on our land when Tiberius was proclaimed Emperor; a morose and miserable man of 55, already wrecked, body and soul, by sensuality.

Yet, in Tiberius there were once the makings of a noble ruler, and he might have had a noble son to succeed him on the throne. At the age of thirty his life was coloured by the roses of a wise and happy marriage. His adored wife, Vipsania Agrippina, was daughter of Marcus Agrippa, the most intimate friend of Augustus, and of Marcella, the Emperor's favourite niece. With more than very great reluctance (it was the tearing of the heart out of the man), he put away this glorious and virtuous wife to marry Julia, because the wish of Augustus was law.

Julia had already been married to Marcellus, but when Marcellus died Marcus Agrippa, in obedience to Augustus, divorced Marcella to marry Julia: and when he also died, Tiberius, in his turn, had to divorce Vipsania and become the third husband of the Emperor's daughter. After this event, her lusts and infamy so disgusted Tiberius that he retired from court and then Augustus banished Julia.

Poor Vipsania was subsequently married to Asinius Gallus, but he was, by Tiberius, condemned to perpetual imprisonment, so that he might not enjoy his prize. Julia

was the mother and Agrippa the father of the second Agrippina, who became the wife of Germanicus. Virtuous and heroic, she took the field with her husband, following him through every one of his campaigns. Bold as a lioness, at last she came to Rome and denounced Tiberius for compassing her husband's death. Tiberius banished her to the island of Pandataria, where, stoically refusing food, she shortly after died.

Is it possible to believe that this brave and noble pair were parents of Caligula, born among the legions? Yet so it was. Of them came, too, born on the battlefield, that third Agrippina, mother of NERO and sister to CALIGULA.

Thus doth the war spirit, foul fiend of bloodshed, recoil upon itself.

The third Agrippina, with whom I had so much to do, was born in the principal town of the Ubii, now called Cologne, which she afterwards made a Roman Colony, calling it after herself, "Colonia Agrippinensis." She was a woman of talent, ability, political experience, and remarkable beauty. She wrote several memoirs upon which Tacitus drew for historical material.

At fourteen years of age Tiberius gave her in marriage to Domitius Ænobarbus, of which union came Nero. After the death of Domitius, her brother Caligula banished her; but, when Claudius came to the throne, she was recalled from exile and married to Crispus Passienus. History asserts that she became a widow again by assassinating her husband, so that she might concentrate her efforts on gaining the affections of her uncle, Claudius.

CHAPTER 5.

After the death of Messalina, Claudius had been under the thumb of his niece for four years when, with the approval of the senate, who were under her influence, he married her in the year 50 A. D. This was his fifth marriage.

History states that the control of the beautiful Agrippina over her aged husband was unbounded, and that her first object was to secure to her own son those expectations to which Britannicus, son of Claudius by Messalina, was more equitably entitled.

Claudius therefore adopted her son, Lucius Domitius, now 13 years old, gave him the name of Nero, and married him to his daughter, Octavia.

At this time we were building the town of London, in our new Colony of Britain. I myself witnessed the entry of the Conquered Chief, Caractacus, in chains.

We were now nineteen years of age, Otho and I, but I was already a wife and a mother.

Otho was the chosen and constant companion of Nero, a studious lad who, afterwards, at the age of sixteen, had made such progress in Greek that he brilliantly pleaded in that tongue the cause of the rights and privileges of the Rhodeans and the people of Ilium.

CHAPTER 6.

In the year 54 Agrippina poisoned Claudius and placed Nero on the throne, at the age of 18. Thus died Claudius at the age of 64, after a reign of 14 years, during which he was the puppet of unscrupulous women.

Agrippina at once recalled Seneca from exile to look after Nero, intending to conduct the affairs of the nation herself.

On coming to the throne Nero gave himself up to sensuality and cruelty. His character had certainly slumbered till then; whether hypnotised by Agrippina or not, I cannot tell. It would not be fair to blame her for his conduct, because he had fallen under the influence of a freed-woman named Acte, having sickened of his wife Octavia. Seneca and Bhurrus for a time managed to restrain him a little, but he soon shook off their yoke and had it all his own way.

History says that Otho seduced me from my husband and carried me off by force. Great Jupiter! How history lies!

Otho certainly married me, and with Imperial sanction, but my husband had been banished by Agrippina for his attachment to Britannicus and Octavius, the sons of Messalina, and put himself to death. (*It is a wonder history blames me not for this!*) Like a bird, I flew on the first opportunity to the arms of my natural lord.

Nero, no doubt, viewed me as, at any time, his own certain prey, because I was well known to be the most

beautiful woman in Rome; but he left us at peace while he shuffled his cards.

History declares that Nero, abandoning his wife, Octavia, cohabited with me, the wife of his favourite Otho.
I fling the lie in History's teeth!

He abandoned Octavia for the freed-woman, Acte, and abandoned Acte for Agrippina herself, by which means she, for a time, partially recovered her influence, but his displacement of Pallas, her principal favourite, and perhaps the waning of her power over him, led her, in revenge, to play her last card, which was to pronounce him an usurper and Britannicus the real heir. Then Nero showed his fangs. He poisoned Britannicus at a public banquet and never left off his persecution of his mother until he had done her to death.

Her last words, well worthy of her noble mother, were, as she offered herself to the swords of her assassins: "*Ventrem teri!*" "Strike me in the womb, which brought forth the monster!" With all these quarrels and crimes, I, Poppaea Sabina, had nothing whatever to do.

Some time before the death of Agrippina, Nero made known to Otho his Imperial intentions with regard to myself, which were that Octavia should be divorced and that I should be elevated to the purple. Nero demanded of Otho, as a matter of course, an acquiescence similar to that accorded by Tiberius to the wishes of Augustus in regard to his beloved Vipsania. The alleged barrenness of Octavia was the excuse which Nero proposed to offer to the senate for this new arrangement. An honourable

banishment and permission to marry any other lady he might select, was offered to Otho in exchange for his sacrifice.

The choice, in short, that was offered to us, was either that I should be made a Queen, or *death in each other's arms*. There was no middle course.

Otho, with love unparalleled, persistently persuaded me to accept this situation. He preferred to see his darling on a throne than to see her murdered at his side: For death, as far as he himself was concerned, he was not the sort of man to care. The certainty that Otho would be assassinated if we did not agree to Nero's terms went far to influence my own decision, for at that time I had no desire for a throne, throned as I was in the heart of my husband. Thus it fell out that Otho accepted his banishment to Lusitania, of which country he was appointed ruler or Governor.

We had had about three years of real happiness, and, until the death of Agrippina I had little difficulty in avoiding Nero's lust: afterwards, until he married me, I certainly had some trouble in holding my own; but after I lost Otho I formally did determine to have the price that Nero promised, or to die. It is evident that if I had consented to become the Concubine of the Emperor he would never have made me his Queen.

History declares that Agrippina, enraged at my "*connection*" with her son, became my enemy. This may be disproved by one simple fact. I lived. Had she been my "*enraged enemy*," she would soon have put an end to me.

History also states that I retaliated the enmity of Agrippina by persuading her son to kill her, and that the gentle Nero "*yielded to the request.*" But I am sick of contradicting history! I simply sat and waited through it all; hard and silent as a stone woman, I knew that, sooner or later, if I could save my neck, I should be made a Queen.

CHAPTER 7.

So sat I waiting, stony-hearted, for the one remaining object of my life; to enjoy the love and adoration of a people, having been robbed of the company of the one man who was all the world to me. Little use was it to Nero to pay his court to me and seek my smiles: he knew full well I had my dagger always ready, either for him or for me, in case he came too near: and Nero was a coward, a very chicken-hearted creature.

Soon did he learn from me, and unmistakably, that he must perform the bond he made with banished Otho, or die, or let me die, I cared not which.

And so it came about that Octavia was divorced and I was made the Queen of Rome. This took place in the year 62. It was no hardship for Octavia; it was a happy release. That Nero afterwards put her to death was further happiness for her.

About this time the news came that Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, had attacked our settlements in Britain, burned our new town of London to the ground, and put

70,000 of our people to the sword; but that our general, Suetonius, had succeeded in defeating her: although, to rob the Romans of a triumph, she had taken her own life and that of her warlike daughters:—thus I was spared that pitiful exhibition, women in chains, walking behind a soldier's car.

I was now 31 years of age, in the zenith of my beauty, of which, as history truly states, I took most scrupulous and peculiar care. Nero was only 26, but already broken down by eight years of unbridled excesses of every sort of vice.

I think Otho was pleased to hear in his far-off exile that I was, at last, a Queen. If I had thought it would have made him more unhappy I would have died rather than accept the crown.

CHAPTER 8.

In the year 64 came the great fire at Rome and the persecution of the Christians.

Then came the year 65; the year of Piso's conspiracy and the consequent execution of Seneca, his nephew Lucan, and many others.

In that year I was kicked to death, at the age of 34.

'I will master my hatred, for the time, to tell, briefly and calmly, that my murderer made a great show about my funeral, building statues and monuments to me, and all sorts of things to delude the people, who, had they known

the real truth about the manner of my death, what he killed me for, and how he killed me—above all, how and in what manner he really buried my remains;—he would have been surely torn to pieces, limb from limb, and well the coward knew it. All this I shall record as soon as I have done with dates and history.

After my death Nero had a third wife, Statilia Messalina, a clever, worthy woman, against whose character history has not a word to say, neither have I. After Nero's behaviour to me, Otho became his bitterest, deadliest enemy, and assisted in the conspiracy to put Galba on the throne.

CHAPTER 9.

The year of Christ 68 was blessed by the death of Nero at the hands of his faithful freed-man and secretary Epaphroditus, the same man who, afterwards, twisted the leg of his slave Epictitus until he broke it, evolving the memorable speech:—“*I told you you would break it.*”

This man Epaphroditus stuck to Nero after every other friend had fled, and stabbed him because he was too cowardly to do the deed himself, which would save him from ignominious tortures. Thus fell Nero, at the age of thirty-two.

Then was Galba, an old man of 72, proclaimed Emperor and, after seven months' reign, put to death.

Then came Otho's turn to be a King; his ninety-five

days' reign, and his manly death on the 20th of April, anno 69, by falling on his own sword rather than involve his nation in further bloodshed.



My chronology and contemporary biography ends here. I lost all interest in the earth when Otho died. History does not say that I was with him when he died, and for those three years before he died, *but it is none the less a fact.*

History has admitted the nobility of the last acts of Otho's life; that they were such as might have been prompted by a virtuous and benevolent heart; but maligns him more than ever it did me by denouncing him as "*a man who was the associate of Nero's shameful pleasures, and who stained his hand in the blood of his master.*"

AGAIN I FLING THE LIE IN HISTORY'S TEETH !

I am a woman, and, as a woman, proudly say that Otho was pure; the flower of our nobility; one of the few; an unpolluted youth in Rome. I say that it was my beauty and my innocence that kept him pure. I say that Otho worshipped me, and I say that it was the love of woman, and the love of woman only, that could have kept a man pure through such a filthy time.

I have been blamed for my luxurious habits, for bathing in the milk of asses, for making Poppaeum from their milk to keep my body beautiful. Well! Let them blame me for such acts as these, I am not ashamed of them; I never bathed in blood, although it flowed freely

enough in Rome for any woman to bathe in who might have had a fancy for such baths.

Otho was rich and made me rich, too, without the help of Nero; he was very wealthy. He and all the Roman people worshipped me, and loved my beauty. The Roman people would have gladly filled my daily bath with asses' milk if Otho had been poor.

If seeking to preserve my beauty was a crime; if loving to display it to my people was a crime; if slowly pacing through the streets of Rome in my chariot drawn by milk-white mules was a crime, then am I, certainly, a very wicked woman, for I would, and very willingly, commit those crimes again.

This I know well:—so popular was I; so popular was Otho, that, had he conceived the happy thought to drive his dagger into Nero's heart, the Roman people would have put him on the throne.

I was most criminal in one thing only, and I admit it now with deep regret.

After Otho was safe from the tyrant's hand (my sole reason for letting him be banished); after my real peace and happiness was over; after there was nothing left for me but to gratify the pride of a proud "professional beauty," I should have yielded and become a courtesan until the first convenient opportunity of stabbing Nero to the heart. A hairpin would have done it, in his sleep.

I should have saved my country several years of horror too terrible to think about. What matter if his creatures killed me afterwards for such a deed?

Rome would not have been burned to ashes; Christians would not have been thrown to lions, or burned as torches, all in rows, in Nero's new-built gardens. Peter and Paul would both have died a natural death.

The means of preventing all this lay on my toilet table, if I had only known.

If I had only known the further woes in store for Rome, *that very day my Otho went away, I would have done it.*

My name might, perhaps, have been linked with that of Jael or Judith, but such a history would have made me proud.

Shades of Sisera and Holophernes! Ye disembodied souls of honourable warriors! Rebuke me not! I do not link YOUR names with that of Nero!

CHAPTER 10.

Dearly do I cherish the memory of those old days when Rome played in the sunshine of my beauty: those days when the whole city full of the men of Rome delighted in the sight of me and felt the force of the glory of a kind woman's smile.

That was the plan of my life. I lived to let men see my beauty. That was my glory and my glee. Every man, but one, who saw my beauty had joy and help and comfort of it. Mine was the beauty of a woman too delicate for Earth, yet was I very strong and vigorous, as a woman always must be, if she is really beautiful.

The men of Rome, when they saw me; when I smiled upon them, one at a time, for I always tried to catch the eye of every man, would say :—“*There is our Poppaea!*”—“*There is our darling!*” and their hearts warmed to me, and they loved me with the love of a mountain for an ocean. I was an image of beauty in their hearts and it was a glow of loving glory in my own to know that in my image were the women children of Rome begotten.

I was, at that time, a Mother to Rome; a very Mother of mothers; for the thought of me, and my loveliness, rested in the hearts of the men and their women conceived in my image.

There was, over me, a Dove hovering. It was the Dove of the help to bring Rome back to the perfection of complete manhood.



This story is a pain to me: these memories are a pain: but I have determined that I will write them, for the help of men, or they should be buried in oblivion.



That man who married me first was a poor creature who had little regard for my beauty: he had no love for beauty. He was one of those boulder stones that rolls and rolls and gathers no moss of woman's love.

Otho held me in holy reverence. He loved and worshipped me. Complete Man was he!

Then came Nero, who had a certain sort of regard for

beautiful things, but only, in so far as they gratified his own pleasures.



There was no woman so miserable as I was when I lost Otho.

Here was folly! Otho had a hope that he might serve me, for he loved me better than his life, by patting the back of the hellish longing that the King had for me. Otho loved me so dearly he could not let me die: he thought to make me happy by a throne.

Tenderly do I remember his very words:—“*Pet of me! Thou shalt be Queen, and I will go away and die,—out of the road.*”

There was a glow of hope in him when he said those words: he hoped that Nero would be tender and helpful to me, and gratify my love of displaying my charms.

Then came those days when the smiles of the miserable Poppaea gladdened the heart of Rome.

Then came the days when I, white-robed, adorned by nothing but my golden hair, stood in my ivory chariot, my milk-white mules slowly and softly pacing through the streets. Then, when they heard the silver bells, the men and women formed in lines, awaiting me, and saying to each other:—“*Here comes our Poppaea!*” Oft would some man prostrate himself, prone in the track, willing to make my car a Juggernaut. Then would the docile beasts, obedient to my voice, stand still until the man arose and kissed my sandalled feet, as many others

did, both men and women, crowding round, at every gentle stoppage of the car.

I was, indeed, a Queen;—Queen of the people's heart.



Then came the end:—end of Poppaea:—end of it all!



Oh! the hate, the hatred of a woman. Oh! the burning splendour of my hatred! I am a Power now. Shame is no mantle of mine now! Blamed am I by none of my companions; but still I cherish, in all its blazing fury, the hate with which I hate that man and all his hellish crew. In hell they are, and further hell is yet in store for them, if only for the pranks they played Poppaea. Their stones may still roll on through many future centuries, but how long will it be before they are appointed to the love of Poppaea Sabina and so be lifted out of hell?

Never! The man who, on Earth, is hated by a woman, and with Justice hated, can never rise again.

Nero, the tyrant, hated me: he hated me more than he had hated his mother, and that was much. So here, he had the power to do me the pain of shattering my hopes, for he shaped a plan to spoil my beauty: not the beauty that he loved, after his vulgar fashion; but the beauty of my spotless reputation, which he hated as the devils hate angels.

He plotted with a female accomplice to force me into the arms of a slave of his, and that she should be the wit-

ness of what the world would call my crime, so that I might be held up to the scorn of Rome.

I countered the devilish scheme by plotting the slave into the arms of a courtesan, a favourite of Nero's. He was killed by the courtesan.

Then said the King:—"How is it that he came to thee?" Then she said:—"Thou sent him to Poppaea and she sent him to me."

And then he came and kicked me till I died.

Dead, they scorned me: they took my body, the body of a noble Roman lady; they did not burn it; *they buried it in the earth, in the dead embrace of the slave!*

Better was I dead, in the arms of that murdered slave, than alive, in the arms of Nero.

CHAPTER II.

I have already described the manner of my death and my ignominious interment. Then, as a ghost or disembodied Soul I wandered on the earth with Otho till he fell.

What went with Otho after death 'tis not for me to tell: there are certain laws amongst Ghosts which forbid relation of each other's stories.



The Sea became my next condition, and here, at first, I was not happy—I found it all so strange: and yet I had no misery, nor pain.

I had Power, though, in that sea life, because, although I was a Ghost, all Sea Creatures of the great Mammalian class, as well as human disembodied Souls, were able to perceive and to admire my beauty. I was therefore worshipped by the Sea Creatures, for they *do* love beauty, although they are not men.

Well! It ended in a longing desire to join them, and Nature, whom Roman Cicero truly termed "the Mother of all Creatures," soon pointed out the way. I entered the body of a female infant seal, even as at birth I had previously entered the body of an infant human female.

Strange that I cannot remember my life before I became a woman child: and yet I can so clearly recollect my life before I was a Seal.

No human being, not even those they call "*just men made perfect*"; none but *subhuman* or *superhuman* beings in the Majestic *underworld* and *overworld* of nature, could conceive the glory of my life in this, my new condition. I was a beautiful Seal, and I *did* have glory. The males fought for me, and often to the death. I always chose the seal who conquered. It is the law of seals.

Thus lived I, many centuries, in the body of Seal after Seal, dying a natural death as one old seal and becoming another young seal; and so I saw and became fully acquainted with all the Ocean life.

An unfortunate visit to the Caves of Shetland at the usual breeding season caused my unnatural death; for before, I had rejoiced in living and rearing my young in

those parts of the ocean never visited by men who live by the slaughter of seals.

We were thus sojourning in the Shetland Caves and all went happily with our party until the wrongdoers of Nature, called Men, came to their annual slaughter and killed my Mate, my Cubs, me also. Many of the males, as was usual, escaped, overturning some of the boats and putting out some of the torches; but most of our females and all our cubs fell under the clubs of the "Murdering Shetlanders." This time I died of a blow on the nose from a club; and so, again, I came, after an interregnum, under the dominion of Man, because, being killed by man as a Wild Mammalian, enabled my Soul, which no man can kill, to enter the body of a terrestrial mammalian subservient to Man, as soon as I felt inclined.

I may state, for the information of readers unacquainted with natural history, that Mammalians are animals of the land and sea who, when young, are fed on milk which they suck from the teat of a mother. There are some who cannot live long under water; these are called *terrestrials*:—there are some who are at home under water, such as Dolphins, Porpoises and Whales; these are called *aquatic*:—and there are some who can enjoy life both on land and water, being provided with organs of sense infinitely more perfect and delicate than those of men, and suited to both elements; such as Walrus, Sea Lions, Manatees and Seals:—these are called *amphibious*.

I may also add that it is a law of Nature that the soul of any Wild Mammal, whether of the Earth or Sea, after meeting with death at the hands of man, has the privilege, *if once human*, of at once entering the body of one of the domestic animals of Man and becoming its owner. By the domestic animals I mean Cats, Dogs, Sheep, Goats, Horses, Asses, Camels, &c., &c.

CHAPTER 12.

Let it not be forgotten that this tale that I am telling, as briefly as I can, is not that of an embodied or of a disembodied Soul, but the continuous autobiography of a Ghost or Soul, *whether embodied or not*. I have said very little, so far, about my recollections when not the owner of a flesh and blood body of my own, because, during such periods, I only had to do with the perceptions: whereas an embodied Soul, whose body calls its Soul its own, has to do with the Senses and may therefore talk of matters intelligible to man's senses.

Thus have I now related all I mean to tell at present, about my life as the Soul of a Woman and as the Soul of a Seal.

Released from the pleasant prisons of the sea, in which I had voluntarily incarcerated myself many centuries ago, I was now at liberty to walk the earth, a disembodied Ghost, and do as much mischief, or give man as much help, through his perceptions, as I felt inclined.

I confess that, after my second murder, I felt as general a hatred to the tyrant Man as I had specially felt, after my first murder, for the tyrant Nero; because it does not tend to develop benevolence in the Soul of a Seal to be deprived of "*all her pretty ones at one fell swoop.*" She feels it keenly, as every human Mother can clearly understand.

If, therefore, for a century or so, I did some mischief on the earth, by prompting men through their perceptions to evil thoughts and acts and deeds: if, in short, I "played the devil" for a time, I was not without a reasonable excuse. If man had left the seals alone he would have left *me* alone, and I should perhaps be, even now, locked up in those flesh and blood prisons of the sea from which I, very certainly, had no desire to be liberated.

Mischief, however, or playing the devil, without a body of one's own to play it in, becomes, at last, monotonous. By Natural Law I was prevented from becoming the Soul of a new-born female human infant and bringing my vast experience of the Subhuman world to bear against the tyrant Man. I was also blocked by Natural Law from recommencing my Earth Career of Sense in the body of any Wild Animal. To become a Tigress, or better still, a She Wolf, would have suited my frame of mind.

Woman, if foiled in her desire, very often does the exact opposite of what she at first desired to do. I could not re-incarnate as a Boadicea or a Zenobia. I could not become a Were Wolf or a Loup-garou. I wearied of Hate and longed for Love. I abandoned the idea of Blood for

Blood. I determined to become the Soul of some beautiful female animal, loved and petted by man, and nursed in the lap of luxury. I determined to this course one day as I was wandering through the streets of Paris and saw a man, sitting in a carriage with a lovely dog of the species Loo-loo, proudly cushioned at his side. She was sitting upright as a lady, evidently enjoying her drive and the society of her master, with whom she appeared to be upon the most intimate and affectionate terms. *This incident decided me and completely turned the current of my life.* I decided to become a Loo-loo and win the affection of a man.

CHAPTER 13.

Conversing on my plans with other disembodied souls in my own condition of being, I soon discovered that in a little village called Tercy, away down in Normandy, there lived an Englishman named Harry Beaufort, celebrated in those parts for having brought the breed of Loo-loos, or "Little Wolves," to great perfection.

Down into Normandy then, went I at once, and hovered round his kennels. The shape and appearance of the dogs suited my fastidious taste exactly, and I selected a very beautiful one, shortly to give birth to a litter, to be my future mother. My future father, too, was a very handsome dog, and both were white as snow. The difficulty, however, was how to choose a future master. This difficulty I soon was able to surmount.

The disposal of the pups was always settled a long time in advance, and I found that Beaufort had promised to a young Englishman the choice of the females of this particular litter. Having sought him out and found that he was unburdened by any other pets, women or dogs, and that he would suit excellently for a master, I depended on my power as a Ghost to influence him, through his perceptive faculties, to choose one particular dog.

Awaiting human souls, however, must either become the souls of dogs directly they are born, or have a proxy: so I arranged with another Ghost to take my place at first, until I had persuaded my future master in his choice. Thus, the friendly Ghosts around the kennels helped my plans, and all turned out as I desired.

As a Seal, I bore no name familiar to ears of men, but having chosen me, my master had to find a name for me, once more a female Earth Mammalian. I was left with my mother for the usual time, and then he came to fetch me. As a dog I could not whisper to him my desire that he should call me "Poppy." However, he did better. He took me home and said to me: "*My pet! You are a little beauty, and I shall call you 'Venus.'*"

What could I do but wag my tail in my intense satisfaction and delight? I did more. I threw my little paws around his neck and kissed him on the lips.

CHAPTER 14.

The preceding chapter records my birth and baptism as the Dog "Venus."

These events occurred in the year 1857. My master was then a young man of eighteen years of age. With him I had, alas! only a very short life; but it was a very bright and merry one. I was his constant companion. At table I always occupied a chair at his right hand. When the weather was dry and clean I sported at his side; in cold or muddy weather he had a large and special pocket always ready for me, in which I snugly nestled. I took my meals alone, before he began his own; but choice morsels from his plate were always given me as I sat by his side at breakfast or at dinner. No ball or party ever attended he at any house where "Venus" was not welcome; but, when the people came to know me, I was always the "*bien venu*." I soon became well known and even celebrated, as "the properest dog in France," among the circle of my master. "*Mam'selle Venus*" became at last, an ornament they could not do without.

I always took my daily bath alone, like any other lady, but my master had the privilege to rub my white skin dry. At the foot of his bed I always slept, and woke him every morning with a kiss.

Once, to win a bet for him, I swam the river Orne. One of his companions held me while he went over in a boat; and, having landed, called to me to come. This

was deemed a great performance, because I was not of a breed who willingly take the water.

Another time, when his companions teased him about his lonely life, and wondered why he did not take a mistress, as all young Frenchmen do; he said there were no women in France devoted as his dog, and when they questioned this, he put it to the proof, because he locked me in his room and took them all downstairs, leaving the window open, at which I stood, my paws upon the sill, looking alertly down into the street, three floors below me. Then four of them held a blanket and he called to me to come. I did not want a second calling. I would, at call, have jumped, blanket or no blanket. And then he petted me and kissed me for my bravery, and all expressed their wonder at so great devotion in a dog.

It was a strange, a pure, and very holy life, the life I led; that young man's constant and adoring mate—adoring and adored. All other dogs had dog companions and dog affections. I, in all my life, had none. I never even learned the language or spoke to any other dog. I have been mother to one human infant—and mother to many seals, but I never was a lover or a mother to a dog. Here stood I alone and singular among the dogs of Earth. Yes, that life of mine, as the Soul of a Dog, was a strange, a pure, a holy, and a glorious life. No animal could have been happier.

I loved him better than any woman could have been capable of loving him; that gentle, tender, loving master.

In the year 1859 he took me with him across the Channel to his native island; but it was a sore, sore day for me when he went away, far away, across the deep seas, leaving me behind, after trying by every means in my dumb power to make him understand that I was his love above all loves, and that if he left me I should die. I know it almost tore his heart out to be parted from his dog, but he thought, and used to tell me so, as he caress me on his knee, that I would be safer and happier with his sister than in the wild, rough country to which his duty led him.

Well! he sailed! His sister tried to comfort me in vain. I lived for some time, but at last, in my sorrow, I said: "*I will eat no more,*" and I went and hid myself beneath the hollow bank of a dry ditch, and there, bye and bye, I died.

Some months afterwards, they found my skin and my bones and my little collar round my neck, with my master's name upon it.

I have had pain in my life, but the fiercest glow of pain I ever felt, I felt the day my master left me.

But there was joy in store for me. I now became a Ghost again, and so I followed him across the ocean. I searched the planet till I found him, and then I stuck to him. Even now, after all these years, he has only to think of his little Dog to bring me to his side.

Three and twenty years after my death in the ditch my master revisited his native land. His mother, who had carefully preserved my collar, gave it to him, telling

my sad story. I, a Ghost, was present at the time. He took it and declared it would always be his most precious earthly treasure. He bared his right arm and put it on, and "*by the Splendour of the living God*" he swore that he had never met a woman worthy to wear it as a bracelet, and when he died he would be buried, if he had his way, with his dog's collar on his arm.

Yes! I, Poppæa, heard him say those words!

I have had pride, and I have had some glory in my time, but never had I such a triumph, even in my ivory car, as I enjoyed that day among the Ghosts who clustered round the dead dog's collar, as it glittered on my master's bare right arm. The band of Belit! The band of the bond of the great Mammalian mother to all her creatures, human, subhuman, or divine! Glory of the glow of the love of a man for a dog! Glory of the glow of the love of a dog for a man!

My old master is not yet dead, and that is one reason why I must not write his name in this, my history. It is now the year 1903 of the Christian Era, and I am only one of many Ghosts who wishes he were dead. Oh! how I long to be his dog again, and once more wear my own, own collar, for I am now a Ghost, in such a state of being that I can be a Woman, Seal or Dog, or any other creature, at a thought, and live a life more real than reality.

And so shall he be also, after he is dead, and that is why we Ghosts, who love him, do desire his death.

CHAPTER 15.

As a ci-devant Woman, Seal, and Dog, and from experience gained in those conditions of being, also from a far wider experience gained as a disembodied Soul, I solemnly and sincerely declare, that there is no Devil nor power of Evil capable of so much mischief on the whole face of Nature as a Man. I also solemnly and sincerely declare, that there is no Angel nor subordinate power of Good capable of being a great helper to every creature of Nature as a good, square, honest, earnest, gentle, loving Man.

As a Woman, I had to do with such a man in Otho, who was my loving servant; and as a Dog, I had to do with such a man in the man who was my loving master.

By this help have I progressed into a state of being beyond which no human Soul can pass without ceasing to be human, and without giving up the hope of inheriting the Earth as a Paradise for human life Eternal.

There may be, indeed, I know there are, many perfectionists, desiring further and further onward progress, until they sink like dew-drops into the shining sea of incomprehensible divinity.

Poppaea is not one of these, neither are the vast majority of human ghosts who share her hopes to be enabled, after patient, weary waiting, to come down Old Jacob's promised ladder.

Meanwhile, and to advance that time, or do my best toward it, the history of my life being ended, I will direct

the pen at my command, as spokeswoman for Seals and Dogs, and other Mammals.

I must, however, first explain that there are two great and distinct divisions of human Souls.

First, there are many on earth, and many, many more in those various states of being which men of Earth call Heaven, whose sole desire and ambition is *the help of Mankind*; whose true and earnest love and sympathy extends no further than *the human race*. These have that strong and powerful help to bring their hopes about which the wide extent of their true sympathy commands.

The other division may be smaller in number, but is far more mighty in power and influence; and to that other division I belong, also the dead man who was my servant, and the live man who was my master. We are all bonded and banded with the bands of the bonds—the “Beautiful Bands”—of the great Mammalian Mother, to love and help every creature ever capable of sucking a mother’s teat, and who has not incurred the hatred and contempt of Women or Dogs, for thus says the “Living Word” (the Zend-Avesta in the Vendidâd) :—

“Who kicks a dog-bitch in the belly shall die.”

We have the aid, not only of all the powers and thoughts whose office is to pour the help of God upon the Mammal Man, but of those Majestic Angels who pour His help on every Mammal, from a Man to a Mouse and from a Rat to a Rhinoceros, on Whales, on Porpoises, and Seals; in fact, on “EVERY CREATURE.” Our honest, truthful sympathy does not extend to “every

creature," but it does extend to *every creature born to suck a Mother's teat*; and thus our power and influence is mighty and majestic, beyond all count and all description.

CHAPTER 16.

It was upon the thirtieth of June, in the year 1903 of the Christian Era, that I read the newspaper paragraph about Women which I quoted in my second chapter. On the same day I read another paragraph about Whales, which I now quote:

"So many American whalers are going to seek the big fish in the Baffin Bay waters this season that the Canadian Government has decided to charter a sealing steamer to cruise there to prevent the Yankee from 'violating Canadian Customs law.'

"Years of more or less desultory whaling have given the sea giants a chance to recuperate; and that they were not guilty of race suicide during their time of rest is proved by the fact that whales are plentiful in all the seas again.

"Whaling, one of the oldest forms of big game hunting known, is the one field which has not been fittingly exploited by the amateur sportsman. In a time when lion-hunting and tiger-shooting are mere routine sporting affairs to hundreds of wealthy men, the whale should appeal with great force."

Well, then, let the Whale appeal with all the force at

present at the Whale's command, not very great, but great enough to make some square and honest men, if gentle, kind, and loving also, cry SHAME on such a heartless cruel paragraph.

CHAPTER 17.

Let me at this stage give a general view of *Mammalia*, including only those who are most familiar to man. We will take them in the order assigned to them by the French Naturalist Cuvier:

“*Two-Handed.*” The human race.

“*Four-Handed.*” Apes, Baboons, Monkeys.

“*Flesh Eaters*” Bats, Hedgehogs, Moles, Bears, Raccoons, Coatimondis, Kinkajous, Pandars, Wolverines, Weasels, Martins, Skunks, Otters, Dogs, Wolves, Jackals, Foxes, Civets, Musangs, Ichneumons, Mungoos, Hyenas, Cats, Lions, Leopards, Tigers, Jaguars, Panthers, Ounces, Lynx, Wildcats, Seals and Walrus.

“*Pouched.*” Opossums, Bandicoots, Flying Squirrels, Kangaroo Rats, Kangaroos, Wallaby, Wombat.

“*Gnawers.*” Squirrels, Rats, Aye Ayes, Prairie Dogs, Dormice, Mice, Mole-rats, Guinea-pigs, Hares, Beavers, Porcupines, Rabbits.

“*Toothless.*” Sloths, Armadillos, Ground-hogs, Ant Eaters, Duck-billed Platipus.

“*Thick-Skinned.*” Elephants, Mastadons, Hippopotami, Pigs, Boars, Hogs, Rhinoceros, Damans, Paldeotherium, Tapirs, Horses, Asses, Zebras.

"Cud Chewers." Camels, Dromedaries, Lamas, Musks, Elks, Reindeer, Fallow Deer, Red Deer, Roe, Giraffe, Antelope, Nylghau, Chamois, Gnu, Goat, Ibex, Sheep, Oxen, Bison and Buffalo.

"Fish-like Form." Manatees, Dugongs, Dolphins, Porpoises, Narwhals, Cachelots and Whales.

CHAPTER 18.

Shame on men who kill any teat-sucking animal! They are killing creatures that contain the souls of men and women! Men, too, who have sucked milk from the breast of a mother, and have had the opportunity to suck the strong drink of Wisdom from the breast of Truth! Shame on such men!

It is not the pen of Poppaea Sabina, but the pen of God which has written: "GO YE OUT UNTO ALL THE EARTH AND TELL THE GOOD TIDINGS TO EVERY CREATURE."

There is not one creature that giveth suck or receiveth it that is not a man or woman in some state of development or another. There is not one creature in that vast domain that is not a brother or a sister to man.

It is for man to teach all these creatures the Law of God, *not to kill each other*. The rule, even now, of a very large majority of these creatures is, to eat of a class below them in development. Few eat of their own class, MAMMALIA. It is for man to teach those few to eat of the kingdoms and classes below them.

Yes! It is for MAN to teach them, but by "MAN" I mean the *Ghosts of the mountain of dead men and the Ghosts of the ocean of dead women*; not the diminutive mole-hill of the living men on Earth.

Gladly and gleefully will we teach them; but the living men on earth must first be taught, *neither to kill each other nor any other animal who sucks a mother's teat*. Then shall the Lion lie down with the Lamb and Complete Content shall reign.

CHAPTER 19.

Wonder! Ye men of the Earth, to hear the Soul of a Seal speak! Me! Poppaea! The Soul of a Seal! A female Seal for many centuries.

I return to the condition of a Sea Woman to make this chapter really and truly the Voice of a Seal.

The thought that the Soul of a Seal conveys will apply to the thought of all the Sea Mammals, who once were men and women.

We are in the simple condition of separate Souls of men and women in separate bodies of flesh and blood.

We are all in bodies of sea teat-sucking animals.

There are no animals in the Sea who suck the teat that are not Soul holders of men and women who once walked the Earth, and who, by outraging natural law, have had to descend to the condition of sea men and women. Thus did I, Poppaea Sabina, outrage natural laws by al-

lowing myself to become the wife of Nero, a man I held in great repugnance.

Becoming weary of a spiritual condition as disembodied Souls, we have, on every opportunity, taken flesh in the bodies of sea animals; so there are now, in the sea, no animals who suck the teat that are not men and women of earth, in real earnest, but in another animal form.

We are *The Lords and Rulers of the Sea*, even as Men are *The Lords and Rulers of the Earth*.

We demand that remembrance of us be in the hearts of all men: that they leave us alone, and that they kill us or injure us no more.

We are harmless creatures. We have no desire to hurt any man, although he fell into the Sea, we would not hurt him.

We be Sea Lions, Hood-caps, Sea Bears, Sea Wolves, Bearded Seals, Moelrhons, Harp Seals, Rough Seals, Little Seals, Urigne Seals, Pied Seals, Monk Seals, Long-necked Seals, Fur Seals, Tortoise-headed Seals, Ribbed Seals, Leporine Seals, Porcine Seals, Yellow Seals, Chili Seals, Marbled Seals, Small-nailed Seals, Sea Leopards, Halkets, Stinking Seals, Newfoundland Seals, and other creatures of that genera.

We be Morsks or Walruses and other creatures of that genera.

We be Manatees or Woman Fishes, Dugongs or Little Bearded Men, Whale-tailed Manatees, Senegal Manatees, Round-tailed Manatees, Sea Apes or Sirens, Sea

Cows, Indian Walruses, Halicore Dugongs, Red Sea Dugongs, Northern Dugongs, and other creatures of that family.

We be Black Whales, Iceland Whales, Razorbacks, Beaked Whales, Unicorn Fish, Small-headed Narwhals, Greenland Anarnaks, Great Spermaceti Whales, Blunt-headed Cachelots, Small-eyed Cachelots, Porpoises, Dolphins, Grampuses, Caa'ing Whales, Gladiator Dolphins, Butskopfs, White Whales, Soo-soos, Inias and other creatures of that family.

Such be we! Mammalians, all!



I have now made man aware of the only creatures of the Sea to whom he does any real injury. I declare that, after this has been made known to the men of the Earth, if they still persist in killing us, we will kill them and eat them, whenever they appear near us, and we happen to be more powerful, or in greater force, than they are.

Hitherto, we have quietly submitted to death at Man's hand, because we dreaded to commit further outrages upon the laws of Nature, for which outrages our present position is the penalty. Further outrages would have carried us further down, below the scale of noble animals into the ranks of those from whom we could never arise again as men and women.

So, take notice! Men of the earth! We are now, by authority, permitted to kill you, if you attempt to kill us. We intend to take advantage of that authority.

Some of you, who pursue the trade of killing seals, whales and other sea mammals, will be reminded strongly of this caution the next time you attempt any of your old habits of slaughter.

There be caves and there be islands into which men enter, and upon which men land at periodic intervals, to slaughter us. Remember, ye Men! Whoso enters a cave to kill a seal, shall never see the light of day again. And let that be a lesson to all who kill any of the other sea creatures who have sucked a mother's teat.

When you see ship after ship sail in pursuit of whales and never return:—when you see ship after ship sail in pursuit of whales or seals, or any others of our class, and return with the loss of many of their crew:—then, reperuse my words, and compare them with the facts at your command.

If such experience will be sufficient to satisfy you that you had better leave us alone, you may believe or disbelieve, at option, all that I have said about our identity with your race: and the Seals, Morsks and Cetacea generally will be also satisfied.



Send us a pen! This has been our cry for centuries.

For centuries we have been promised the help that we demanded, provided we could get a pen to tell the men of earth our dominion of the sea.

We have, at last, secured a pen; we have complied with the conditions; and we now demand of men to take particular notice of all the men who shall attempt to kill

seals and whales for the future, and when they find that the seals and whales kill the men that attack them, let all the men of the earth believe our story and refrain from any further pursuit of us or violence to us.

We can offer no further proof than the assurance that, for the future, we sea creatures will be allowed to defend ourselves from the attacks of men.

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Now that we are allowed to retaliate we hope to be able to demonstrate the dangers men incur in attacking us. We hope, by being left in peace, that we may be able to go on in our present condition until we attain sufficient perfection to pass naturally on into a higher one.

We have avoided this attempt before, in consequence of the *known dangers to us from the violence of man being greater on earth than in the sea*; but now that we are aware of the new law specially made for the benefit of all the creatures below mankind, we are not afraid to enter the body of an earth mammal after death, and so progress towards perfection.

We therefore declare that we do determine to die natural deaths in the sea, and no longer crowd together in companies in order to be killed by man; which, under the old law, was our only release from our condition as sea creatures.

Can men, in their stupid ignorance, imagine that a Seal or a Whale would quietly submit itself to be clubbed or

speared, unless it had a special object in submitting to the violence of man?

That object has now ceased, so men may beware of our violence if they dare, any more, to approach us.

CHAPTER 20.

There is a legend of a Wolf that eats men and appears in the form of a Beautiful Woman, and sometimes as a Man. It has been called Were Wolf or Loup-garou, and by other names.

This legend, like most folk-lore, has a substrata of fact. Facts may be, either past, present or to come. The facts upon which this legend rests are all to come. They have not happened, but **THEY WILL HAPPEN**.

The legends of the Were Wolf have arisen from *the odour of a terrible thought*, the thought of the domestic mammalia now under man's dominion writhing; emasculated; slaughtered; tortured; yet his willing and obedient slaves.

The odour of this thought, reaching the intellects of men, has presented itself in a distorted form, the form of the Were Wolf.

The real thought is this:

Tame, gentle and highly tractable creatures under the dominion of man, suddenly shall become savage, ferocious as wolves; and, in vast herds, devour the men who have dominion over them.

Isolated and occasional cases of Camels, and other creatures remarkable for patience and gentleness, occur from time to time, in which they suddenly become man's enemy and tear their tormentors to pieces in the most furious manner.

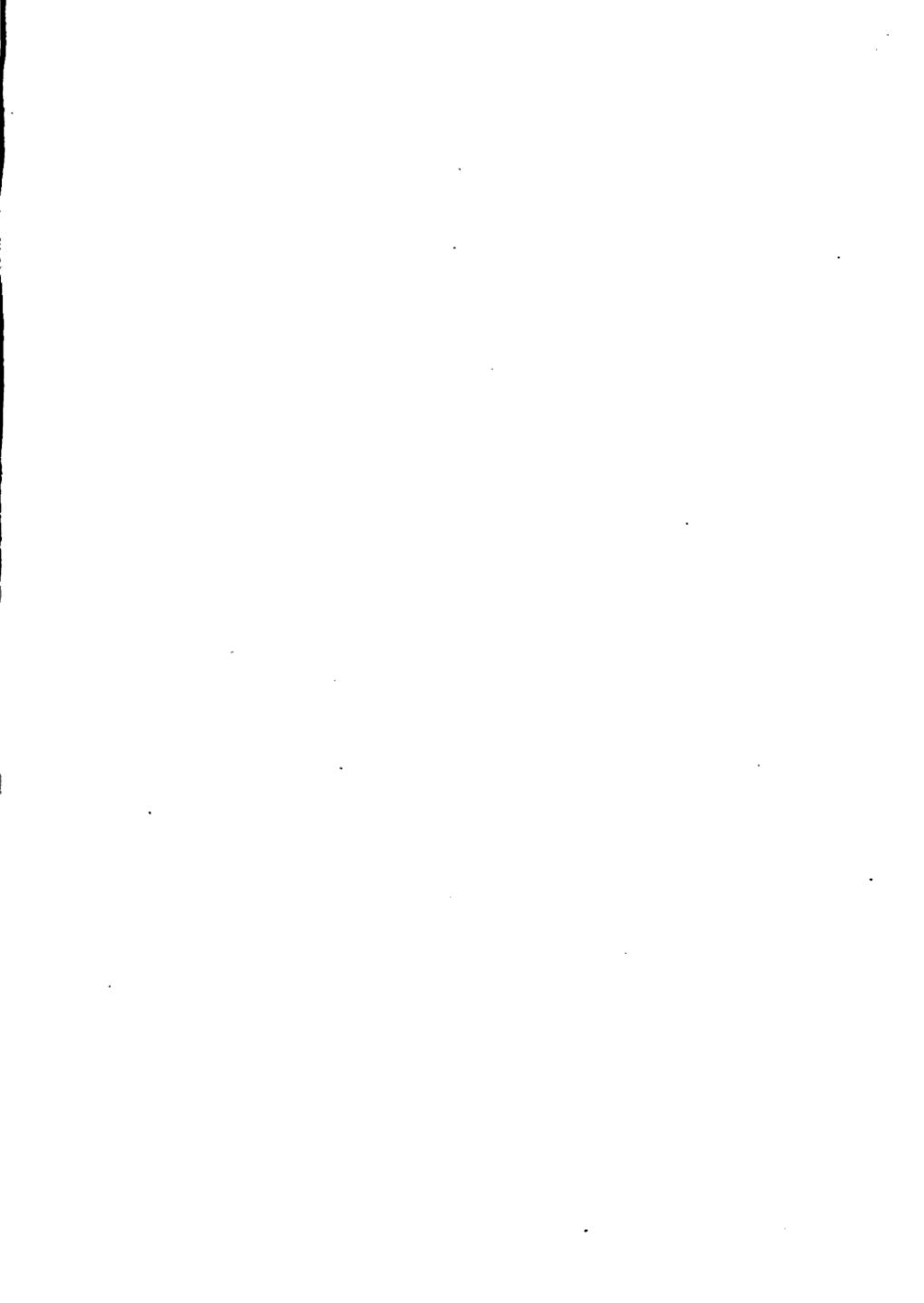
These are the little dark clouds in the sky, which, to the weather-wise, foretell tempest, but which are disregarded by the ignorant and foolish.

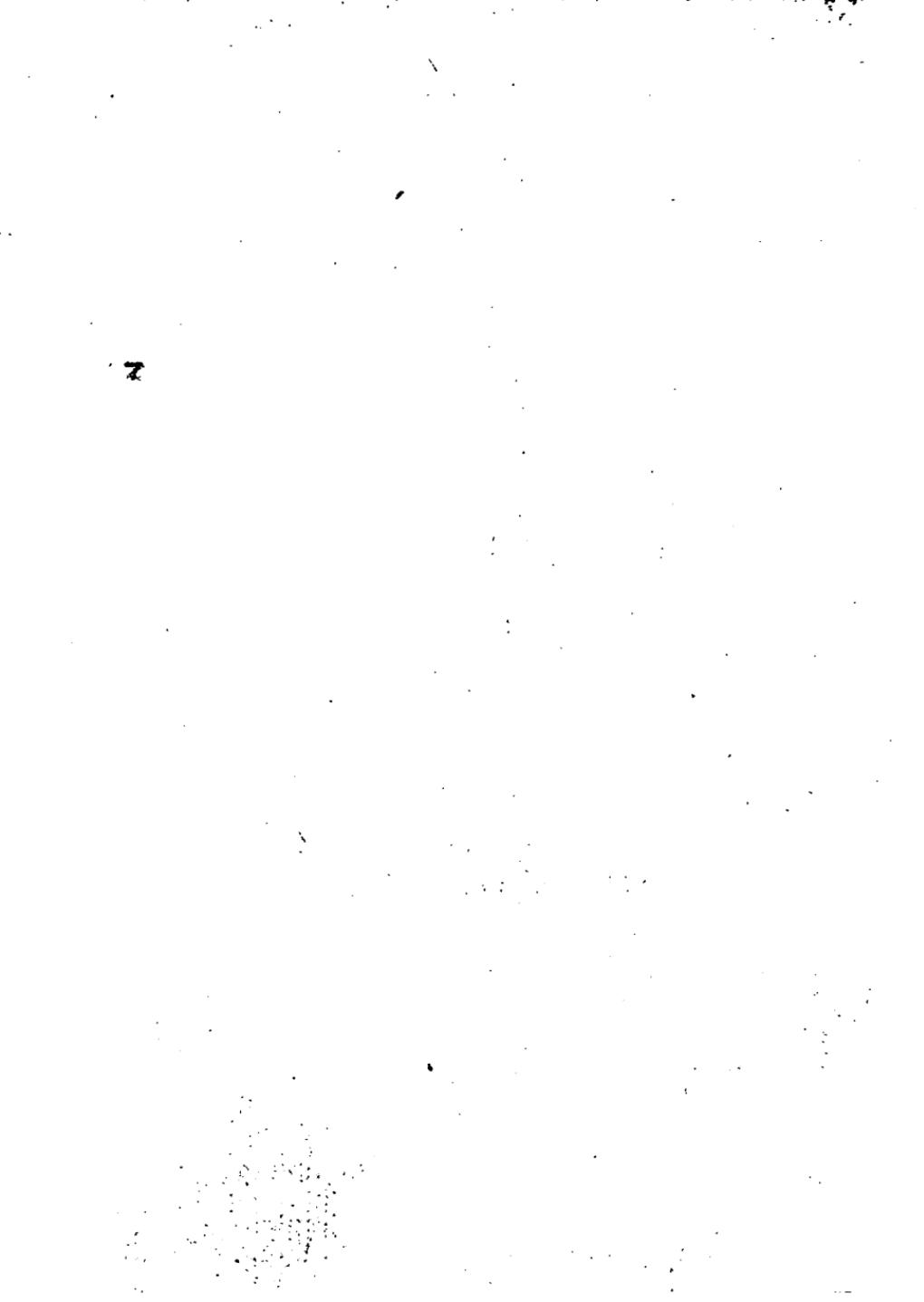
Prophecy is to be found in other corners than in the books of holy writ. Men may hear it in the fairy tale of the poet, the fable of the philosopher, the tittle tattle of women, the prattle of babes, or the shrieks of the enraged and overloaded camel.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and, even as out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh forth Wisdom, so, out of the mouth of a DEAD Dog may living waters flow.

THE END.









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